SOME NEW NOVELS.

AMERICAN, ENGLISH, RUSSIAN.

TO CALL HER MINE. By WALTER BESANT. Harper's Frankin Square Library.

IN THE NAME OF THE TZAR. By J. BELFORD DAYNE Harper's Frankin Square Library.

ATIA. By COUNT LEON TOLSTOL. Translated from the French. William S. Gottsberger.

CRACKER JOE. No Name Series. 16mo, pp. 322.
Boston: Roberts Brethers.

THE CRUISE OF A WOMAN-HATER, By G. DE MON-TAURAN, 16mo, pp. 280. Boston: Ticknor & Co. THE DEVIL'S HAT. By MELVILLE PHILIPS, 16mo, pp. 328. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Mr. Besant's latest novel is a story of strange experiences, and it presents a problem which ought to interest the Psychical Research Society. A dissipated young English farmer drinks away his lands. These are absorbed by a greedy old uncle who helps on the prodigality of the nephew by leading him mey on mortgage. As usual in such cases David Leighan conveniently forgets his own part in the accomplishment of his ruin, and considers his uncle a robber. Meeting the old man while in this state of mind, just before leaving the country for Australia, he is seized by a murderous impulse and fells him. He fails and lies rigid. David believes him dead, steals a bag of money and a box of deeds which the victim was taking home from bank, and gets away and abroad. He has many adventures but no success. He goes steadily downward, consorts with criminals and tramps, fails in everything, becomes acquainted with prisons, and presently finds himself wrecked on a cannibal island, where he is preserved from the oven by a German baron who is studying the flora and fauna of New-Ireland and has acquired ascendancy over the natives. The remarkable circumstance in David's wanderings is that he is haunted by his nucle. Every night the old man appears, upbraids him with his crime, and commands him to return home and give himself up. These ghostly visitations at length break him down, and on the island he dictates his to the German baron and signs the document. After more wanderings, in the course of which the traditional murderer's ill luck parsues him and all who are in his company, he finds his way home, only to discover that his uncle is not dead. "How the devil," says David, "can a live man have a ghest? How can a live man send his own ghost to tramp all round the world? Won't he want his own ghost for himself sometimes?" These are the questions which appeal to the Psychical Research Society so obviously. Mr. Besant does not pretend to answer them, nor to explain how it was that David had murderer's luck, though no murderer save in intention. The "dominant idea" doctrine suffice to account for the haunting but the ill-luck was plainly not subjective but objective. An evil conscience might conjure up the ghost, but how could it produce the wrecks and the conflagrations, the hardships and sufferings which accompanied David like an evil atmosphere fe It

seems to us that Mr. Besant has strained probabil-

ity too far here, and that this feature of the story

is not good art. As to the doings of David after his

return, the torment he puts upon his uncie, the

sweetness of Mary, the charming heroine, and all

the rest of the story, it is not less bright and inter-

esting and clever than Mr. Besant's usual work.

Only assume the possibility that the Czur of Russia may plot with professional conspirators against his own government, and Mr. Dayne's story "In the Name of the Tzar," may be accepted as all that a story ought to be according to the canons of modern sensationalism. For there is in it a thoroughly mysterious hero, who is a lofty philanthrowhen not engaged in conspiring or making love. There are equally mysterious strangers who travel from different quarters of the globe, meet by appointment at a mountain inn near the monastery of the Grande Chartrense, and after exchanging passwords and signs proceed to the monastery, there to encounter yet other (and monastic) plotters. Recreation from conspiracy is taken, too, at Monaco--an arrange ment which affords opportunity for the introduction of reckless gamblers and inscrutable Russian princesses of fabulous wealth and ineffable beauty; also of the regular English family dowered with lovely daughters and cubbish sons, whereof the girls furnish sweethearts to the rest of the dramatis personæ and the boys make play in the inevitable black sheer appendices. But Mr. Dayne deserves credit for one absolutely new effect, and it is so original that it ought to be copyrighted. A party of conspirators having met at St. Petersburg for the express purpose of giving audience to the Czar, are surprised by a descent of the dreaded Third Section, notwithstanding the fact that a chief of that department is one of the conspirators. The owner of equal to the occasion. He leads the way to a tower at the side of the mansion. They enter it by iron doors, which are fastened after them. The police lose much time in breaking down these doors. When at last they get into the tower it is empty. One of them looks up and utters a cry of amazement. The secret is out. The top of the tower is open to the sky. The roof opens by machinery, falls back on the walls, and has permitted the egress of a balloon, in which the fugitives have made their escape. After this no surprise can be felt when the plotters carry out a successful revolt Bureaucracy "in the name of the Tzar," or when the arch-conspirator, who has passed for an Englishman, proves to be not only a Russian, but a member of the Imperial family. This remarkable story is well written, the charac ters are clearly drawn and sustained, and its extravagance does not detract from its interest to

Tolstor's "Katia" is a study of a young woman's mind. She tells her own simple story. She as a young girl loves her guardian, a middle-aged man, who at first tries to fight against the reciprocal passion he feels overcoming him. Katia, however, is too strong for him. They marry and are very happy for a time. Then the quiet country life grows depressing and monotonous to the young wife. She wishes to see the world. Her husband holds that she ought to have this experience, and takes her to St. Petersburg, where she is plunged in the whirl of society. She likes' the excitement, and while perfectly innocent she presently makes her husband jealous. Estrangement follows. She is wounded, he is embittered. Perverseness rises in her. She leaves him. He schools himself and by degrees conquers his impatience. Finally she perceives that she has made mistakes. She longs for a return to the original confidence, trust and love. But when she savs to return to the old conditions she discovers that her husband has outlived the romantic stage of love, and that he can never again be to her what he was in the first years of their married life. The story ends rather tamely and inconsequently. is perhaps the least satisfactory of writings. Though containing much delicate and subtle observation, it betrays real ignorance of married love. The decline and death first and best love in Katia's husband's heart is not true to nature. In such a man as Tolstoi describes that love might have been revived, and with such a wife as Katia it would have

The last of the No Name Series, "Cracker Joe," i largely a dialect story, setting forth the manner of speech of the Florida "crackers" and negroes. The hero is a "'Carlina cracker" who has prospered exceedingly in the land of oranges and has obtained a capital little wife who has no dislect but much sense and good feeling and kindness of heart. A New-York family reduced in circumstances take up their abode in the neighborhood of "Cracker Joe," and, of course, proceed to have singular experiences. There is one of those phenomenally beautiful young men who only appear in women's novels, with the reputation of a pirate and the character of a saint. He as adopted a recluse life in the belief that he had killed a man years before in a fight of the rough-and-tumble kind amid the wilds of Montana. As he had buried his knife in the victim's ribs and then flung the supposed remains over a tremendous precipice, he evidently had substantial ground for his conviction as to the condition of his late oppo-ment. It is only in real life, however, that people die when subjected to trivial inconveniences of the precipice finished this person. How, indeed, could they have does so when "Cracker Joe"-by t on

consideration we will not disclose a secret knowl edge of which might interfere with the reader's interest in the denomement, and the story is interesting. It has moonshiners and a negro prophetess, and an earthquake, and runaways and storms and shootings and what not, all seasoned with an abundance of the most pronounced dialect that ever affronted the English language. It is well worth the hour or two bestowed upon it in short, and particularly suited to hammock read-

The second number of Ticknor's Paper Series, another issue of old and new stories for the special use and behoof of the summer sojourner and sannterer, is a bright and lively story by no means too conventional. The story is of a woman-having American who is disgusted to find himself cooped up on board a sailing ship on the long voyage to China in company with a personable young woman. He vows that he will not be more than civil to her; nay in his first wrath he contemplates making the voyage disagreeable to her. But the captain has his wife aboard, and she and the solitary woman passenger are old friends, and events happen, and plots are laid, and by the time China is reached the woman-hater is rearly tamed, though it takes three years of supplemental wanderings to work all the nonsense out of him. The voyage is enlivened and diversified by incidents such as do not often occur at sea, and they are cleverly described, though not with the manner or fullness of knowledge - characterizing Clark Russell's sea stories. There is not much attempt at character painting. The people are amusing and telerably interesting, but not realistic. Their talk is sone enough, but rather commonplace. But the motive is sure to please the majority, inasmuch as all women like to see a woman-hater conquered, while most men are tickled by the spectacle of a fate which they know themselves powerless to escape when their time shall come.

Mr. Philips gives his story the sub-title "A Sketch in Oil," and this gives the clew to it. "The Devil's Hat" is the local name of a certain hill in the Pennsylvania oil regions, and upon or near this hill a well is sunk in a secret way, and with remarkable consequences. The book is full of oil society, much of the roughest kind. No doubt it embodies personal observation, the description of scenery, of the effects of the oil boom upon the aspect of the country, evineing careful study, and also an eye for the picturesque and grotesque One of the characters is a particularly energetic and "go-ahead editor," who appears to have been everything conceivable but an honest man; and for that calling he shows no aptifude. A really interesting person is Tickly-Bender, the torpedoer, one of those reckless fellows who are continually driving cartloads of dynamite through rough country roads or no roads, in the pursuit of their business of shooting reluctant oilwells. The torpedoor is of course certain to be blown up eventually. His dematerialization by dynamite is only a question of time. Sometimes when the event occurs the dispersion is so complete that nothing can be found to hold an inquest upon. But the Tickly-Benders are never discouraged by the thinning-out process going on around them. There is a love story under the Devil's Hat, and it is emotional enough to satisfy the most exacting reader. The novel is not without some power, but it is crude and raw in parts. The author may do better if he perseveres. At present he offers more promise than performance.

MR. LECKY'S NEW VOLUMES.

THE ERA OF REVOLUTION.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTFOLE LECKY. Vols. V. and VI. 12mo. pp. xvi., 602; xviii., 611. D. Appleton & Co.

The new volumes of Mr. Lecky's work yield to ne of their predecessors in variety of interest or in breadth of treatment. The historian confront. the largest questions in this portion of his task, and he addresses himself to them with more than his former power of generalization and felicity in arranging details and enforcing their significance. Whether in the most serious chapters he reaches the rank of a true philosophical historian is an inquiry to which readers of different ways of thinking will give different answers; but there will be no dispute about the ample learning which he brings to bear upon serious topics or the literary aptitude with which he marshals his conclusions. His style, admirable from its point and clearness, is better than that of many of the so-called pictur esque historians, luasmuch as it is more natural. Certainly it lacks distinction; but it is remarkably easy reading and it carries us on after Macaulay's pomp and Froude's fervor have become a little guing, and even the splendors of Gibbon have begun to pall. A remarkable array of attractive topics calls forth its best qualities in the two volumes now before us. The character and administration of Pitt; the madness of George III.; the career of the Prince of Wales; the characters of the Emperor Joseph II., of the Empress Catherine II., and of the Swedish King, Gustavus III.; the origin and outbreak of the French Revolution ; the influence of that catastrophe upon English polities; the social, morat, and industrial condition of England; and finally the affairs of Ireland during the first years of the legislative independence of that country, and the beginning of the disturbances which were soon to lead to the Act of Unionthese are the principal heads of the present instalment of Mr. Lecky's work ; and upon none of them

would it be possible for Mr. Lecky to be dull. The chapters on the French Revolution and on Irish affairs are likely to arouse the most debate. With respect to the first, most readers will agree that our author has described some of the chief causes of the revolution with remarkable force and acuteness, and yet that he has not quite succeeded in connecting these causes with their tremendous consequence. He makes an elaborate and brilliant examination of the literary antecedents of the rev olution, especially of the writings of Voltiare and Roussean, the essential differences between them being very clearly discriminated. He shows how strong was the anti-Christian tendency of the entire French literary movement; and although it is undoubtedly an over-statement to say that the French intellect was wholly alienated from Christianity. his description of the widespread hostility to doctrinal and practical religion is not too strong. What faith and piety remained were sluggish and thoughtiess. Other causes besides the influence of the literary philosophers were destroying the sense of religious obligation in France, and to some of these Mr. Lecky gives due attention. The unfaithfulness of the French church was the chief of them. The historian says something of the character o the higher clergy, but he might well have said more; and a searching examination would perhaps have satisfied him that the Gallican movement, upon which nearly all English historians are in clined to look with favor on account of its super ficial resemblance to their home theory of a national church, had been ever since the days of Henry IV. a source of ecclesiastical abuses. Not much could be expected of a church whose ministers were made the creatures and slaves of a despotic and vicious court. The demand for Gallican liberties tended to this result and no other, as whatever taken from the authority of the Pope was added two-fold to the authority of the King and his mistresses.

Mr Lacky describes fully the contests between the King and the Parliaments, and the terrible con dition of the taxes and the finances, to which causes, more than to the literary assaults upon accepted standards of morality, more even than the popularity of the democratio theories of Rousseau, he ascribes the final outbreak. The following conelusion, however, is disappointing :

To me at least it appears, from the facts that have been related in this chapter, that the French Revolution, though undoubtedly prepared by causes which had been in operation for centuries, might, till within a very few years of the catastrophe, have been with no great difficulty averted. A profound change in the character of the government and institutions of France had indeed become inevitable, but such a change need not have been a revolution, and if it had been effected, as very similar changes have been effected in other countries, without the subversion of the monarchy and a total disorganization of the State, its it. finence toth on French and European history would have been wholy different. In spite of the wars and debts of Lewis XIV., in spite of the vices and incapacity of the Regency and of Lewis XV. in spite of much class selfishness and a great subversion of angient opinions, the position of the French monarchy on the accession of Lewis XVI. was far have been related in this chapter, that the French

from desperate. If a Henry IV. or a Frederick the Great had then mounted the throne, or if Lew is XVL had found for his Minister a Richelian or a Pitt, a Cavour or a Bismarck, Francs would never have drifted into anarchy.

The chief faults that made the situation irremediable may, I think be easily traced. The policy of Lewis XV. toward his Parliaments was of the kind which beyond all others discredits and weakens governments. Either resistance or concession if consistently and skilfully conducted might have succeeded, but a policy of alternate resistance and concession. of bold acts of authority repeatedly and ignominiously reversed, could have no other effect than to uproot all feeling of reverence for the Crown. The same weak and fluctuating policy was pursued under much more critical circumstances by Lewis XVI. The restoration of the Parliaments by that Sovereign appears to me to have been a capital mistake. It raised up without necessity an opposition to the Crown of the most dangerous and embarrassing description; and it at the same time enormously increased the difficulty of accomptishing the equalization of taxation and the commutation of the feudal system, which were the two measures most absolutely necessary if calty of accomplishing the equalization of taxation and the commutation of the feudal system, which were the two measures most absolutely necessary if a revolution was to be averted. If at the beginning of his reign, when his power was still uncontested and when his popularity was at its height, the King instead of restoring the Parliaments had summoned the States-General to carry these measures, or if, without summoning the States-General, he had decreed them by his own royal ianthority, he would probably have succeeded. But the propitious moment was suffered to pass. A false step was taken which produced endless embarrassments, and the great fault of the American War soon followed. This war for the first time made French finances irremediable. It inoculated French public opition with republican ideas, and it produced that fatal disorganization of the army which was still further aggravated by the decree of 1781, making the higher ranks a strict monopoly of the nobles. The extravagance of Calonne and the incapacity of Brienne continued the work of ruin, and although Lewis XVI, and Necker were on the whole greatly superior to the average of French kings and ministers, they proved totally destinate of the qualities that were most needed in the crisis of a revolution. In this way the foundations of authority were completely sapped. Concessions which at an earlier period would have been welcomed with enthasiasm only whetted the appetite for change. A great famine occurring at a time of great political excitement immensely strengthened the elements of disorder. The edifice of government tottered and fell, and all Europe resounded with its fall.

This leaves out of the account the demoralization of the French people. It was not only the mon-

This leaves out of the account the demoral zation of the French people. It was not only the monarely that was disorganized; it was the entire nation. France had sunk to a depth of vice from which no people ever raised itself without the shock of a painful awakening. No wise statesman could have averted the disaster, because there was no class of the community with virtue enough to follow such a leader.

The Irish Parliament, whose history from 1782 to 1793 is traced in the sixth volume, was by no means a representation of the Irish people. The Catholies could neither vote nor hold seats; and so many of the members were place-holders, pensioners, or the nominees of the English owners of boroughs, that Government could count upon a safe majority. Now here was the need of reform more obvious, and nowhere were the ruling statesmen more unwilling that reform should be applied, The admission of Catholics to the suffrage and representation especially was not to be thought of; "it would result in making Ireland a Catholic country"-which seems to be a curious objection when four-fifths of the people profess the Roman But Mr. Lecky, while he admits that the Irish Parliament was grossly illogical contends that in very many respects it governed well. Political transactions which would now be thought dishonorable were then regarded with perfect complacency. Honest, patriotic and able gentlemen bought and sold elections. Pensions and sincepres supported good men in public life. The country prospered and the finances improved. The govern ment of Ireland, in short, under this corrupt Parliament, was the rule exclusively of the upper ranks of the Protestant gentry. "It comprised the flower of the landlord class. It was essentially and preeminently the representative of the property of the Our author cannot help regarding such in arrangement with some favor. In a country like Ireland it is imperative that the ascendency property, and intelligence should be maintained Religious discriminations are theoretically improper, but the Catholics were not fit for the suffrage. The idea that suffrage must always be equal abounds in references to the pending controversy none the less sharp for being partly covered.

The goodness of laws and political institutions is The goodness of lawr and political institutions is essentially relative, depending upon their adaptation to the character, circumstances, wants and traditions of the people for whom they are intended, and in all these respects England and fredami were wholly different. There is no greater delision than to stypose that the same degree of popular government can be wisely accorded to nations in all stages of development, and that a country in a backward stage is really benefited by a service unitation of the institutions of its more advanced neighbors. A institutions of its more advanced neighbors, country where the traditions of many peaceful centuries have knitted the various elments of national being into a happy unity, where there is no disaflection to the Crown or the Government, where the relations of classes are normal and healthy, where the influence of property is unbroken, and where those who are incapable of judging for themselves those who are incapable of judging for themselves find natural leaders of character and intelligence everywhere at their head, can easily bear an amount of democracy which must bring utter ruin upon a country torn by sedition, religious animos-ities, and agratian war, and in which all the natural ligatures of society have been weakened or disjointed. An amount of democracy which in upon a country torn by sedition, religious animosities, and agratian war, and in which all the natural ligatures of society have been weakened or disjointed. An amount of democracy which in one country leaves the main direction of affairs in the hands of property and intelligence, in another country virtually disfranchises both, and establishes a system of legalized plunder by transferring all controlling authority to an ignorant and excitable peasantry, guided and duped by demagogues, place-hunters and knaves. A system of criminal law and of criminal procedure which is admirably adapted for a country where crime is nothing more than the outbreak of isolated bad passions, and where every man's hand is against the criminal, must fail to fulfil the first purposes of justice, if it is applied without modification to a country where large classes of crime are looked upon by great masses of the population as acts of war, where jurymen will acquit in the face of the clearest evidence, and where known criminals may live in security under the shelter of popular connivance or popular intimidation. In a rich country, in which many generations of uninterrupted prosperity have raised the industrial spirit to the highest point, in which energy and self-reliance are almost redundantly displayed, and in which the middle class is the strongest power in the State, nearly all industrial enterprises may be safety left to the unassisted action of private industrials. It is not so in a very poor country, where the middle class is small and feeble, and where a long train of depressing circumstances have reduced the industrial spirit to the lowest ebb. Perhaps the worst consequence of the legislative union has been the tendency it produces to measure Irish legislation by English wants and experience, and to force Ireland into a plane of democracy for which all who have any real knowledge of its circumstances must know that it is wholly unfitted. Very different conditions require very different types of administration, and, in Ireland tion and control, is imperatively required.

The extinction of the Irish Parliament and the egislative union with Great Britain would have been, according to Mr. Lecky, an act of the highest statesmanship, if the change had been effected without exciting sentiments of resentment and humiliation in the country; but, effected by gross corruption, against an overwhelming public sentiment, and with pledges that were to be disgracefully violated, the union of 1800 was the most miserable of failures, and it left behind it enduring animosities. In his review of the career of Pitt, Mr. Lecky judges the Irish policy of that statesman with great severity. The history of the legislative anion, however, belongs to a forthcoming volume

A MASTER OF LITERATURE.

From The Beston Post.

Apropos of Thackeray's letters, which continue to excite much interest, I heard the other day of an incident which illustrates in a striking manner the fascination of his novels. A lady of my acquaintance, here in Boston, a great reader of fiction and one of those fortunate people who are able to lose themselves completely in a book, told me that Thackeray's works were her only alloviation while suffering recently from a severe attack of rheumatism. She gave me a graphic description of herself, propped up in bed by means of pillows, greaning with pain, and reading the big library edition of "Vanity Fair," held in front of her by the nurse.

This was a sight more eloquent than any panegyric, and it is a thousand pittes if Thackeray did not see it from those shades where he wanders, I suppose, in company with Fielding, Cervantes and Steele.

The son of the house, age two years eight months who has been forbidden to wink violently, was swinging his feet very rapidly the other day. He was asked what the matter was, and replied: "Nossing: I's only shust winking wif my lega."

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS THEIR MODERN SUCCESSORS.

COURT LIFE IN EGYPT. By ALFRED J. BUTLER. With Illustrations. Svo. pp. 298. London: Chapman & Hall. New-York: Scribner & Welford. The author of this handsome volume occupied for ome time the position of tutor to the Khedive's sons. As a member of the court he had special epportunities for observation. The Khedive also was very friendly and communicative with him, and he was enabled to get behind the scenes in many ways, and to obtain views of the inner life of the Khedival Court and of Egyptian administration such as probably no traveller, however favored, could have secured. Mr. Butler is a sharp observer and a good reporter, moreover. He writes clearly, interestingly and at times brilliantly. He has exercised judgment and discrimination in the choice of topics carefully avoiding all hackneyed themes and confining himself to the description of scenes and the recital of facts such as possess the attraction of novelty.

When he joined the Court first he found the shedive about to set out on an expedition to Upper Egypt, and he was a member of the Court party on this occasion. He gives this account of his introduction to the Egyptian cuisine:

Our meals on this expedition were at first very Our means on this expectation were a final strying. For breakfast one had nothing but a pleee of bread with two kinds of condiment, roscient jam and olives, in two little saucers. Olives in oil are specially difficult to relish at 7 o'clock in the morning. We lunched at noon and direct the morning. e. whenever the provision-boat happened

at 7, i. e. whenever the provision-boat happened to be within reach; but she was a slow craft, and generally overtook us, as an Arab would say, at the time appointed by destiny.

Luncheon and dinner were much alike, and I may quote a specimen. The five Europeans and Turabi sat together at a round table formed by a large tray; each had a plate and a knife and a fork. The first course consisted of turkey or chicken cut into lumps; next bamins, or Egyptian beans, swimming in oil; thirdly a whole sheep; then dolmas, or rice wrapped in cabbage leaves; then mutton bones; then pilaf, a preparation of rice; then a sugared pasty, and lastly oranges and bananas. For side dishes we had lettuce derached with oil, raw turnips silied and soaked in oil, and a creamy-looking compound of garlic said to be a creamy-looking compound of garlic said to be very delicious by people who have cultivated the I, for one, could never make the premier

Not long after he had an opportunity of wit essing the toilet of an Egyptian magnate. He

Some of their manners and customs are very Some of their manners and customs are very eurious. For instance, I could not help occasionally witnessing the toilet of a certain bey, itis first operation before proceeding to wash was to swathe his body round and round in hands of flannel up to the very throat. Having thus guarded himself a minst the contact of water, he cently dabbed his checks and hands, dried himself, and was clean. For his hair he had a pair of business, which he used as follows: Filling his mouth as full as it would held with water, he sourted it all out suddenly on the brushes, and mouth as full as it would held with water, he spurted it all out suddenly on the brushes, and then whisked and whirled them about his head. The hair, of course, is worn so short that no further arrangement is necessary. This was had enough; but it is only among the lower orders that one sees how very dirty the natives are in their very eleanliness. The mosque tanks are filled with water, which is replenished but never changed; in the slime of these green and fetisl roots I have seen men wash first their feet, then face and hands, and legitly riese out their mouths.

The account of the Khediye Tewfile's progress through Upper Egypt is interesting, not only the insight it gives to oriental manners, but for the proof afforded of the popular good feeling toward the ruler. On the return to Cairo Mo Butler found that his rooms at the Palace were not yet ready. The Ecyptian officials charged with their preparation had done nothing, and when, after waiting two or three months he finally got into them, he discovered that they would have to be cleaned and furnished anew before they were habitable. It was during this enforced period of waiting that he witnessed the Dosah, or rampling of the Dervishes, a barbarous ceremony in which the dervishes lie down flat on the ground making a human pavement, over which the chief is a democratic assumption with which Mr. Lecky dervish rides on horseback. The dervishes inhas little patience. It is well known that he has toxicate themselves with hashish for the ceremony. no liking for Home Rule, and not much civility for its principal advocates; and his latest volume place. Mr. Butler watched the performance carefully, and this is what he saw:

As I stood actually in front of the Khedive's tent upon the matting, my feet touching the line of heads, I could see with horrible clearness all that happened. Many of the poor wretches had of heads, I could see with another that happened. Many of the poor wretches had triends squatting before them and fanning their sunken taces; but no voice or sound was uttered among them. I saw the dreaded horse approach them. ing, and a crowd following at the side, ruising a strange excited clamor. As the horse neared me a frightened dervish sprang up and ran away, but another was promptly seized from the crowd and nung down in his place. Now I watched every tootfall of the horse; for I was determined know the truth and to report it. Many of natives had told me that the horse did not tre

natives had told me that the horse did not trend on the bodies, but merely stepped across them, planting his feet between. This I soon saw was false; the bodies were packed so close that the horse must trample upon them.

On he came. I saw the dreadful yielding of the bodies as thich or ribs, spine or shoulder, felt the crushing weight of the hoofs, and I saw the writhing of the poor tortured forms. Just opposite me the horse planted his foot on the side of a poor wretch and let it slip down between two men; the result was that he stumbled, plunged heavily forward, recovered with difficulty, and came with dreadful force on one or two bodies before my very eyes. I set my teeth, furious with indignation, and vowed that this should never happen again, while in a carriage opposite a party of Europeans were laughing loud, as if the thing were a joke. I am glad they were not English.

So the horse moved on, mangling the bodies English. So the horse moved on, mangling the bedles beneath his feet. For a moment after he passed the dervishes lay still; all bore the first shock in stlence, for this is the proof of their faith. But after an instant's pause all rose or tried to rise. Some were unburt and jumped up pell-mell; other as they tried to move shricked and yelled, and fell back fainting. It was an awful sight; forms half lifeless, with fixed eyes, dropped jaw, protruding tongue; others writhing and plunging in pain. The physical torture one witnessed, the dark faces whitened with anguish, made one sick with horror and pity. But friends and comrades crowded round and hurried the victims off the scene. The wounded are sent away from the scene. The wounded are sent away from the care, and the dead are buried secretly, and no one ever knows the number of either, lest it one ever knows the number of either, should be said that the Prophets miracle accomplished. Accordingly the natives that no one ever is butt.

Hail is perplexing to the Arabs, as this anecdote

The weather now turned cold and cloudy, and was as unpleasant as it was unusual. It culminated on March 15 in a hallstorm, which greatly puzzled the Arabs. I overheard a discussion in which one man said the halistones were pebbles. "Wallahi," said another. "these are no stenes; they are grains of salt." "Son of a donkey," said they are grains of salt." "Son of a donkey," sald a third, "taste it; it is sweet. By the head of my father, this is rice." And the matter was settled by "Ma sh' allah! it is rice, ma sh' allah! Verily this is an event to be recorded in books!"

The author was supposed to live at the palace on the same culinary basis as the Khedive, but as all the officials were continually shirking their duties and cheating one another and their master, the actual results were not quite satisfactory. Here is an illustration:

I spoke just now of living in comfort; but the term is relative. To the last I could never abide the native cookery. My lunch and dinner were brought in a circular wooden tray, which a tall, white-robed Arab carried on his head; the tray was covered with a great straw dome, beneath which rested five or six small round dishes, while over it was spread an embroidered covering. Sometimes it would happen that the dishes contained edible rood, and on bright particular occasions even a pleasant repast; but far more often, as dish after dish was set before me, I dismissed it with a wave or the hand and a "shil" (take it away) to my servant. Then if I had time, or if it were not too insufferably hot, I would go to the hotel; but many and many a time my dinner consisted of six "shus" followed by some dry biscuits. The wine, however, was excellent. Most of the officials of the palace messed together except the ew who always sat down with the Khedive. But as the mess was very promiscuous, and included some with whom I did not care to associate with as equals, I refused to join it. The Khedive's orders were that my table should be the same as his own; of course they were not carried out. But it wiser not to complain in such a matter.

Mr. Butler repeatedly insists that Tewfik wa

sincerely opposed to the slave-trade, and that he did all in his power to put it down. caravan contrived to get through to Si t, but owing to the Khedive's energetic medsures the experiment proved a failure. Colonel Gordon, however, then on his way to India as private secretary Lord Ripon, heard of the caravan, and what

follows is characteristic: He wrote from Alexandria to the Khedive letter in which he said: "I do not like you and the people of England do not like you. The English people like the Sultan of Zanzibar and the King of Abyssinia better than you, because you encourage the slave-trade." This letter, of course, was very unjust. But on his way through Gordon learnt the facts of the Egypt to Suez case—that the Khedive had dismissed the Governor of Siut, had appointed Count Sala with full powers to suppress the slave trade, and himself by every means discouraged it. Upon this Gordon present. wrote again from Suez, saying; "I was wrong yesterday in what I wrote to you. I now know "I was wrong what you have done, and I like you very well. The officials in Ezypt generally regarded Gordon as un deu troublé-his character was beyond their

The conventional idea of Oriental solemnity of manners received a rude shock during a visit to the Pyramids, when the solemn meditation of the Europeans were interrupted by the Arabs.

Europeans were interrupted by the Arabs.

Their talk at times was rather a nuisance. As one was pondering on the awful silence of the scene, surveying the wide horizon, the skies, and the moonlit desert, thinking how grand the pyramid of Chefren looked to night, with one side deep in shadow, the other silvered with bright light, or recalling, perhaps, quaint Herodotean gossip about the building and builders of the pyramid, it was harsh and jarring to hear an Arab voice strike up,

" Higgery diggery dugk. De clugk street one, And den come down run up !"

the echo of a rhyme taught by some crazy trav-

There is a curious story about The London Times which may or may not illustrate Egyptian venality. The author naturally acquits the "Thunderer" without inquiry, but all the world may not think the suggested explanation entirely sufficient:

the suggested explanation entirely sufficient:

The measures lately taken for the suppression of the slave-trade by the Khedive's orders had been explained by Dr. Lowe in a letter sent to The Times from Cairo, but it was never published. On my remarking moon this fact, the Khedive said quite simply, "Perhaps The Times requires bribing." I laughed and said that was quite impossible. "But I assure you," said the Khedive, "that in my father's accounts there is an irem of 10,000l. paid to The Times for its support." When the Khedive named the azent by whom the bargain was arranged. I could not well doubt that the money had to The Times for its support." When the Khedive named the azent by whom the bargain was arranged, I could not well doubt that the money had been paid for the alleged purpose, and that it had been intercepted by the azent. In the same accounts sums are entered as paid to nearly all the chief English newspapers as bribes to secure their interest for Ismail, who seems to have been hand-somely fooled in the matter.

In every book about the East there ought of course to be some mention of occult science, and Mr. Butler brings his contribution to the general store of those fascinating stories which most people affect to disbelieve, yet hear with the utmost avidity. This story too has the special merit of being vouched for by the Kedive.

Stories of Oriental magne have always their own fascination. One is half inclined to credit wise men of the East with possessing a tradition of occult science long lost among the restless changes of the West. Such a story now came under my notice. The Khedive sent for me one evening, and said. I have something curious to tell you. There is a

"I have something curious to tell you. There is a Turk here in Cairo who wears a ring which he pretends is gifted with magic virtues. I have seen him and the ring—it is a pian hoop of gold set with a red stone, which is said to have come from Mecca. The Turk also showed me a plate or silver engraved with verses from the Koran. He explained that he could not work the charm himself, but required a child under ten years of age. The child takes the ring, the silver plate is put on his head, and in a little while the color of the stone changes to white. Thereupon the child looks into the stone, and sees in it visions, and can answer any questions."

The reupon the child looks into the stone, and sees in it visions, and can answer any questions."

The Khedive went on to say, that, being quite incredulous, he asked for permission to take the ring home and try it in private. The owner consented. So the Khedive took the ring to Ismail a Palace, where there happened to be a little girl eight year, old belonging to the nurse—an important child, mable to read or write. When the plate of silver was laid on her head, and the ring given into her hand, almost immediately she cried out, "The stone has turned to white," The Khedive then asked questions about persons whom the child had not seen, and received correct descriptions. Another person present asked:

"How many children have 1.2"

and received correct descriptions.

"How many evildren bave 1 ?"

"Two sons and a daughter."

"That is right. What is the elder son like ?"

"He wears a coat with a row of buttons down the front, and striped trousers, and has a sabre."

"What is the second son like?"

"He bear coat with two rows of buttons in front,

"What is the second son like?"

"He has a coat with two rows of buttons in front, little gold cushions on his shoulders and an anchor embroidered on his cuffs.

The one was in the Turkish army, the other in the Turkish navy, and both were absolutely unknown to the child. Collusion was impossible; for even a wizard would find it hard to penetrate into the ladies' apartments of the Khedive's palace. Moreover the questions were too rapid and too var-Moreover the questions were too rapid

Moreover the questions were too rapid and too varied to admit of shuffling or guessing answers. The Khedive's conclusion was: "I cannot believe it, and yet I cannot understand it."

After some talk about English mesmerists and clairvoyants, the Khedive related that once, before he came to the throne, he consulted a soothsayer in company with the Minister of War.

"What is the news for Egypt f" he asked.
The soothsayer demanded two minutes delay, and then replied, ""War with Abysshia."

"Will the Egyptian army conquer f"

"Give me six minutes," replied the sorcerer.
At the end of that time his face became very troubled, his voice faltered, and his whole body shook as he answered, "The Egyptians will be defeated and their army destroyed; only a small remant shall be left." The Frince laughed at the prophecy and forgot it; but two mouths later the same Minister of War showed him a dispatch from Upper Egypt, stating that the army had been utterly routed and four battalions out of six annihitated. After showing the dispatch the Minister remarked, "Do you remember our friend the sor-

remarked, "Do you remember our friend the sor-cerer?" and the Prince recollected. Now as Khedive he regards the thing as a curious coincidence. We can find room for no more extracts from this very interesting book, though it abounds with odd and curious and valuable matters. Mr. Butler had the pleasure of seeing the cruel Dosah ceremony abolished by a decree of the Khedive before he left Egypt. He took away with him a high opinion of that ruler's character and intentions, and as decidedly poor an opinion of the policy pursued by England in the land of the Pharaohs. The book is ilinstrated by photogravure, though not very weil. The interest of the text, however, atones for everything, and it is not too much to say that "Court Life in Egypt" is one of the freshest and best books on the country which has been written for many

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL GETS MAD.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL GETS MAD.

Prom The St. James's Gazette.

It is certainly somewhat starting to a barrister to be introduced personally to the scene by a witness whom he is cross-examining. This happened yesterday during the progress of the libel action brought by Dr. Pankhurst against Colonel Hamilton. The defendant was in the box, and being challenged by Sir Charles Russell, who was cross-examining him on behalf of the plaintiff, as to whether he had ever been told that Dr. Pankhurst was an atheist, declared amidst much merriment, in which the learned judge joined, that it was Sir Charles himself who was his informant. Whereupon counsel became extremely angry and proposed to "take his wig off and go into the box" in order to give an absolute contradiction to the stadement; and a very pretty little scene ensued. Ouring the progress of which many harsh terms were used.

In the course of a trial which took place a few years ago the late Serjeant Ballantine asked a witness if he had ever seen a single individual go behind the seenes at a certain theatre, "Yes, Serjeant," was the prompt reply, "I have seen you." "Don't you dare to introduce me into this matter," cried the Serjeant, in a voice of thunder, and the unfortunate witness subsided into his boots. But Sir Charles Russell, though a "harbitrary gent," did not succeed in overawing his opponent so easily.

VIVIDLY RECALLING THE INCIDENT.

VIVIDLY RECALLING THE INCIDENT.

From The Washington Critic.

They were over in the camp last evening, talking about military matters, and war and so on, and the talk drifted around to personal bravery, and finally some one brought up the subject of presence of mind in danger.

"That reminds me," said the Colonel, "of an incident that happened when I was but a lad. I was very fond of crows' nesting. One day I discovered a nest in the very top of a lofty bull-pine, fully one hundred feet high. Up I swarmed. In the nest were four young crows and one egg. It was the work of a minute to wring the young crows' necks and throw them out from placing the egg in my mouth for convenience, a commenced my journey down. It seems but yesterday," said the colonel, sofily, "I looked up; the beautiful blue sky was above me and the crows, whose nest I had despolled, were wheeling in short circles, uttering angry cries. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the limb on which I was resting broke and I lell—ulnety feet, from the top! I lived a hundred lives in that one moment!" The Colonel?' voice trembled he brushed his hand across his eyes.

"What, you fell minety feet, Colonel?' exclaimed a young subaltern.

The Colonel gazed at him compassionately. "No you young ignoramus. I was r't-city feet from the top when I fell; consequently I fell about ten feet. But the jolt I gut broke that egg. Ban I I can tasio it yot."

The Col nel gazed around suggestively, and he got something to take the taste out of his mouth And they all had some.

The first regular exhibition of the autumn will be

The first regular exhibition of the autumn will be that of the National Academy. Last year the autumn exhibition was a dismal spectacle, but next seasing the same policy is to be pursued which made the spring exhibition so distinguished a success. Those will be an opening exhibition of American paintings at the American Art Galleries, which may include some of the pictures from the Salon. It has been proposed that the Academy exhibition should give place to one by the Society of American Artists in the autumn, and that the Society and Academy should unite in one spring exhibition, but this excellent suggestion, due to an artist who is a member of both organizations, can hardly be carried into effect at present.

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE COMING SEASON-MOTES ON

Opening exhibitions at the galleries of the dealers Opening exhibition at the galleries of the dealers will present paintings by Cabanel, Lefebvre, and Gerome, owned by Messrs. Schaus & Co., and a large painting by Mr. Toby Rosenthal, which will be shown by Messrs. Knoedler & Co., who exhibited the California artist's picture of "Constance de Beverly before her Judges" two years since. The Selelmeyer.
Munkaesy campaign of elaptrap and bluster is to be
continued. It is impossible to tell what next season
may bring forth in the way of sales, but at present
nothing is promised of especial importance. The only
interesting announcement is in regard to the Bescher
collection of prints countings rues, etc., which has collection of prints, paintings, rugs, etc., which has been mentioned in THE TRIBUNE. This will be sold in November or December.

The "announcements" for next season are as yes few in number, but it is certain that the year will o even more crowded than the last, and there will undoubtedly be auction sales enough to make the ethics of such sales an interesting subject. It may ethics of such sales an interesting subject. It may be worth while to give especial attention to the practice of "stuffing" sales. When a collection is advertised as belonging to a private person, but various dealers are allowed to put in their unsalable pictures, it is clear that this involves an injustice to the public, to use no stronger phrase. Again it a sale is advertised as "absolutely without reserve," it is expected that the highest bona fide bidder will obtain the picture, whether the amount of the bid be satisfactory or not. But every one conversant with auction sales knews that this frequently does not happen. "The Art Amateur" declares positively that twenty pictures in the Morgan collection were "bid in" and are still stored in this city, awaiting private buyers. The names of the pictures are given, and a charge made so directly and with so much detail cannot prudently be ignored. As regards another charge, that the managers of the sale, the American Art Association, bought the Probasco pictures "en bloc" previous to the auction, it may pictures "en bloc" previous to the auction, it may be said that there is the evidence of a letter from Mr. Probaseo to the contrary. This story was circulated before the pictures were put upon exhibition, and Mr. Probaseo's denial then could probably have been seen by any one desirous of hearing both sides. "The Art Amateur" also calls attention to curious features of less important sales, and such vigitance is useful, now that the business of buying and selling pictures has grown to be so large. The subject of picture best of modern French painters or of "old masters" with the inevitable "documentary evidence," long nedigrees, and perhaps references to catalogues. with the inevitable "documentary evidence," long pedigrees, and perhaps references to estalogues which are rendered anything but decisive by the prevalence of copies, some of a most respectable antiquity. Another point, to be noted by pierris buyers, is the "touching up" of paintings. This is by no means confined to old pictures. It may seem nertectly legitimate to cutrast a Troyon, Danoigny or what not to an artist to be not only cleaned but also "touched up," but any "restoration" which involves the use of color makes the picture the work of two men, and it not acknowledged, is improper, while its wisdom is always more than doubtful. These are some of the phases of picture buying and selling with which buyers will do well to make themselves conversant.

The Prize Fund exhibtion will remain open through the summer, since the pictures are not to be shown in other cities as in former years. The amount of the sales is reported to be about \$18,000.

La this column a fortnight since it was correctly stated that Breton's "La Fin du Travail" in the present Salon is the property of M. Knoedler & Co. This statement, however, brought a telegram from Mr. Coale, of St. Louis, which reads as follows: "Jales" Breton's great painting, entitled 'La Fin du Travail,' in the present Salon, pronounced his masterpiece, is a direct commission from me, and is not the property of Knoedler." Mr. Coule's generous tribute to this picture will doubtless be appreciated by Messrs-Knoedler & Co., who are its owners. It rarely hapknoedler & Co., who are its owners. It rately appers that one picture-buyer goes to the expense and
trouble of telegraphing such cordial praise of
another's property. It appears that Mr. Coale is the
owner of another picture by Breton in the Salon,
entitled "A Travers Champs," but Mr. Coale magnanimously pronounces the picture of M. Knoedler &
Co. the artist's "masterpiece."

In connection with the exhibition of Millet's works at the "Beaux Arts" a curious discovery has been made, which is anything but creditable to the persons mmediately interested. The Municipal Council was informed that an important painting by Millet had been found at the Ministry of Fine Arts. "Galignani" been found at the Ministry of Fine Arts. "Galignani" says: "The Committee were about to add this work to the catalogue, when a singular discovery was made concerning it. M. de Nieuwerkerke, who bought the picture for the State, placed it in the hands of a lady named Mme. Troion, who kept it for some years. The apartment was the scene of a fire, and the picture was so much [damaged that searcely any of was so much damaged that scarcely any of it remained. When it was returned to the Minister, the latter sent for M. Briottet, the restorer employed by the State, and he succeeded in restoring the part which had been almost entirely destroyed, in the spirit of the master [sic.] The committee intend to place these facts on record in their exhibition catalogue, and the circumstance is likely to excite considerable interest and curtosity on the part of visitors to the exhibition."

This picture originally showed in the left toreground a peasant reclining tying up his shoes, a little beyond two women leaning on rakes, another stooping and gathering herbs, on the right a water-course and several cows, in the background a meadow. After the fire there was left only the reclining peasant, the head of one of the standing figures, and the hands of the herb gatherer. All the rest was completely destroyed and was "restoted" by M. Briottet, "painterrestorer to the Louvre." It therefore becomes an interesting question whether the picture shall bear the signature of Millet or of Briottet.

" SINGING WILLOW, TIT-WILLOW,"

"SINGING WILLOW, TIT-WILLOW."
From The Norvich (Conn.) Bullettn.
While some painters were at work on General Ely's house a few days since, their attention was attracted by the cries of a bird in a tree near by, as if in distress, but as the cries soon ceased they thought nothing more about it. An hour or two afterward, General Ely, going under the tree, discovered a chippie bird suspended by its neck from a limb where it had become entangled with a small white thread while building its nest. The verdict of the bird jury that sat on the inquest undoubtedly was "accidental suicide,"

SCRATCHED 25 YEARS A Scaly, Itching Skin Disease, with Endless Suffering, Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twenty. olight years ago it would have saved me \$200 (two hundred collars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (Paoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless and without relief. One thousand d lars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the toctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I took . . . and . . . Sarsaparillas over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors and no cera I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT and two and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for \$200 you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of Paoriasis (Picture number two "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. "Through force of habit I tub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times. Anything more that you want to know write me, or any one who reads this may write to me and I will answer it.

DENNIS DOWNING.

WATERBURY, Vt., Jan. 20th, 1987.

Psoriasis, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritar Scall Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barbere, Bakers, Grocers and Washerwoman's Itch, and every species of Itching, Burn-ing, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp and Blood, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by CUTICURA, the great Skit, Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, when physicians and all other

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25 conts; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases" PIMPLES, Blackheads, Skin Blemishes, and Baby Ra-mora, use CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS.

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Auti-Pain Pinster. Warranted. At draggista, 25 conts. Potter Drug Co., Boston.